

NEW-YORK TRIBUNE.

For The Tribune.
THE MONTEZUMA POLKA.

A History.

KING of the Yankees.—The first vernal morn, As he moodily mused on his chores of State, Resolved that, to greatness infallibly born, Spite of fifty-four forty, he still would be great.

Ashamed of his failure to bally John Bull, [gray.

Whose brown' t were no joke to provoke to the Head shied the big briar, determined in fall.

To dog the first road that should fall in his way,

So biting his thumb at ill luck in the North,

With a very black scowl and a very wry mouth,

He put on his gauntlets and called him forth.

To try if his boys wouldn't sprout at the South.

His shadow grew longer; the farther he fared,

Over down, over deserts, o'er bayous and creeks;

And Xenophon's fame to King Yankee's compared.

By his own royal self, seemed a caution to Greeks,

At length he fell in with a little brown chap

Near a chophor loaing, bewhiskered and droll,

And blessing his stars for so lucky a chap. [whole!

He halloed, "Make tracks, or I'll swallow you!"

"You're a whale of a mouth and may do as you say,"

Don Nano replies, with a spiteful bo, ho, [gray.

"But, friend, when I'm Jonahed, you'll find by my

I shall open an icecap shop down below."

"Guess my stomach's too tough for a hole like you,

And my conscience, I know, is quite proof against

qualls."

He pummeled the poor little dwarf black and blue;

And gouged out his eyes in skull'd in the palms

"A'n't I gallant and great, eh?" "Ay, both," [blow!

Don cries,

"And let your proud name to the universe

Quite gallop in choosing a for my size,

And great, doubly great, in the fall of such for."

P.

Court for the Correction of Errors.

DECEMBER 26.—No. 1, H. H. Morris, one of the supervisors of the city of New York, Mr. Lott gave written opinions for reversal; 7. No

for affirmance; 4 for reversal; 7. No